Hoſt. Gods bleſſing of your good heart, and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

Falſt. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadſhil, you knew I was at your backe, and ſpoke it, on purpoſe to trie my patience.

Falſt. No, no, no, not ſo, I did not thinke thou waſt within hearing.

Prince I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Falſt. No abuſe Hall a mine honour, no abuſe.

Prince Not to diſpraiſe me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe Hall.

Poynes No abuſe?

Falſt No abuſe Ned i'th worlde, honeſt Ned, none, I diſpraiſde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true ſubiect, and thy father is to giue me thankes for it, no abuſe Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince See now whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with vs: is ſhe of the wicked, is thine hoſteſſe here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honeſt Bardolfe whoſe zeal burnes in his noſe of the wicked?

Poynes Anſwer thou dead elme, anſwer.

Falſt. The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecouerable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but roſt mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the deuel blinds him too.

Prince For the women.

Falſt. For one of them ſhees in hell already, and burnes poore ſoules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether ſhe be dam nd for that I know not.

Hoſt. No I warrant you.

Falſt. No I thinke thou art not that, mary there is another inditem fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe contr I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. Al vitlars do ſo, whats a i

Prince You gentlewoman.

Dol What ſaies your grace?

Fal. His grace ſaies that which

Peyto knockes at

Hoſt. Who knockes ſo lowd at there Francis.

Prince Peyto, how now, what

Peyto The King your father is And there are twenty weake and Come from the North, and as I ca I met and ouertooke a dozen capt Bareheaded, ſweating, knocking a And asking euery one for ſir Iohn

Prince By heauen Poines, I feel So idely to prophane the precious When tempeſt of commotion like Borne with blacke vapour doth be And drop vpon our bare vnarmed Giue me my ſword and cloke: Falſ

Fal. Now coms in the ſweeteſt muſt hence and leaue it vnpickt: m how now, whats the matter?

Bar. You muſt away to court ſir A dozen captaines ſtay at doore fo

Fal. Pay the muſitions ſirra, fare you ſee my good wenches how me ter, the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, whe on, farewell good wenches, if I be ſee you againe ere I goe.

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